

## — we fight every night for something by Lexatomic

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** :), Dry Humping, I Will Go Down With This Ship, I just love this pairing, I wrote this at 4am, M/M, Smut, Stonathan - Freeform, im sorry this is trash, steve is comforting johnny boi, there are not enough stonathan fanfics

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**Summary:**

Jonathan is dealing with anxiety, Steve helps him out.

or

That one night Steve snuck into Jonathan's bedroom and things got better than expected.

## — we fight every night for something

### Author's Note:

I've wrote this little one shot a few weeks ago but for an unknown reason i've only decided to publish it now. Anyway, i hope it can make someone smile to see that they're not alone in the Stonathan Trashcan :)))

Those two seem to have a lot of potential and i can't wait for their development in s2 yaaaaas

(also english isnt my first language so i'm really sorry for any possible grammar mistake)

Something was wrong. Jonathan knew it. He felt it. Ever since his little brother Will had come back from the upside down, everyone pretended that life had come back to normal. But it didn't. Something changed. How could he possibly be the only one to feel it ? Why would everyone act like everything was okay ? Everything wasn't okay. Actually, not a single thing felt okay to Jonathan Byers right now. Of course, Will was back. Of course, his mother stopped acting totally crazy. Of course she took off the christmas lights. Of course everyone came back to school. Of course Will kept playing Dungeons and Dragons at the Wheeler's with his friends. Of course Steve and Nancy started dating again.

But something was wrong. Starting with Jonathan's brother. Will has been eating less, sleeping less. He had nightmares, and it wasn't rare that he woke up in the middle of the night and couldn't go back to sleep. Jonathan heard him from his room, waking up screaming, getting to the bathroom, drinking a glass of water, coming back to his bed and fidgeting around until dawn. The thing was Jonathan slept even less than his brother. Since they fought the demogorgon, he hadn't slept more than four hours in a row. He was often exhausted, but he still took extra shifts because their family needed extra cash. They had to re-build the wall destroyed by the demogorgon. It costed money. So Jonathan took care of that.

He was doing okay during the days. He kept himself busy, he worked, he took Will to the Wheelers, he chatted with Nancy, he listened to music. Really, daytime was not that bad. But when the sun started to fade away, that was when Jonathan's hell began. He found himself alone in his room, alone with his thoughts, and this crippling feeling that something was wrong, that something bad was about to happen any second. His heart started to race, his palms to sweat, his head to spin, his stomach to hurt. He felt his lungs burning, he felt that something was crushing him. It could last hours, hours of this feeling torturing him. He tried to exercise, to punch something, to drink, to eat, but nothing worked. So he would just lay down on his bed, put his headphones on, listen to some loud music and try to sleep.

That night, he was feeling really overwhelmed by the feeling, that had become way too familiar, so he had put on his headphones and his favorite music at the loudest. It wasn't working though. Not tonight. Tears were rolling down his cheeks. His hands were shaking. And there was nothing he could do about it.

Jonathan heard a tiny noise besides his music. Like a little knock. He opened his eyes and took off his headphones. Nothing. Just the silence and his heartbeat pounding against his ear. He was about to put his headphones back on when he heard it again, louder this time. He shifted himself up on his elbows and turned on the lamp on his nightstand. The sound repeated a third time and Jonathan turned his head towards his window. His heart skipped a beat when he saw something moving. He jumped on his feet, grabbed the gun he kept under his bed and stepped to the window, breathing heavily. He tore the curtains up, pointing his gun at the potential enemy, ready to shoot another demogorgon.

"Woah, chill ! It's just me !" shouted a familiar voice through the glass. Jonathan lowered the gun when he recognized a brown-haired guy with scared eyes. Steve Harrington. He opened the window.

"Fucking asshole, what the hell are you doing here ? You scared the fuck out of me !" Jonathan stuttered as Steve clumsily entered his room.

"Shh calm down Byers, you're gonna wake up your family." Steve whispered while closing the window behind him. "You have a gun ?" he said with a surprised grin.

"None of your business." Jonathan replied, putting the gun back under his bed. He quickly wiped the tears off his cheeks before facing Steve and checking out his outfit. He was wearing jeans and a thin t-shirt, along with a pair of sneakers and a jacket. "Why are you here?" he asked with anger in his voice.

"I-huh... I planned on going to Nancy's, but she wasn't home..."

"Yeah, the Wheelers left this morning for holidays."

"How come you know that and I don't?"

"I don't know, maybe you're too busy trying to get in her pants to actually focus on what she tells you."

"Hey, shut up dude. You don't know me."

"Exactly." Jonathan snapped. "Then why are you in my room at ... He checked his alarm clock. One past twelve AM?"

"Huh I'm gonna sound stupid, Steve said, scratching the back of his head, but I left my keys at my aunt's last week. I kinda did it on purpose, so that Nancy would have to let me sleep over at her place but now I have nowhere to sleep and..." Steve interrupted. "Hey, you okay Jonathan?" he asked as he noticed his red eyes and the tears left on his face.

Jonathan used the back of his hand to wipe out his eyes and nodded.

"Yeah, sure."

"Look, I'm really sorry that I scared you, I... I really didn't mean to, I'm sorry..." Steve stuttered as he stepped closer to Jonathan. The other boy kept his gaze down, ashamed to be crying in front of Steve.

"It's fine, it's not about you, I'm just... Feeling a bit down at the moment."

He took a quick glance at Steve's face and noticed that he looked really worried. His heart clenched. Before Steve could say anything, Jonathan sighed. "You can sleep over, but leave early in the morning."

"Wait, Jonathan." Steve said as he gently grabbed the other boy's shoulder. "You wanna talk about it?"

"Nah, I'm good. I'm gonna try to go back to sleep." He lied, shivering at the contact of Steve's cold hand against his bare shoulder. Jonathan slid into the sheets, feeling self-conscious about only wearing shorts and a tank top.

He tried to calm his breath and turned to his side so he could discreetly watch Steve's actions. Steve took off his jacket and his

shoes, hesitated a split second and took off his jeans. Jonathan let his tired gaze wander around Steve's body, and he closed his eyes as soon as he felt a weird tingle in his stomach. The other boy let out an embarrassed sigh and stared at Jonathan. After a minute, he dared to speak.

"You want me to sleep on the floor or can I sleep in the bed?"

Jonathan opened his eyes and furrowed his brows as he thought about it.

"I'm not gay, you know." Steve said.

"Me neither. Come in." He said as he moved to the side to let half the bed to Steve.

He thanked him as he set himself comfortably in the sheets. They stayed like this a few minutes, eyes wide open, before Steve broke the silence.

"So why are you feeling down?"

"Huh?" Jonathan said in a husky voice.

"You said you were feeling a bit down lately. Why?"

"It's complicated." Jonathan whispered as he felt his eyes watering.

"I like complicated." Steve whispered, turning himself so that he faced Jonathan's back.

Jonathan felt the other boy's breath on his neck, and let out a tiny moan as he felt shivers along his spine.

"You know, if you don't talk about it, you'll never be able to feel better." Steve mumbled only a few inches away from the other boy's ear.

Jonathan let out a heavy breath, unsure of why. He hesitated, but finally decided to tell everything he had to say. About that feeling that something bad was going on. About his sleeping issues, his stress problems, his fears, his brother. Everything. Steve didn't interrupt him. He didn't even look at him but he knew he was listening. And it felt good. Like a relief.

When he was done talking, Jonathan took a deep breath and waited for Steve to react. To say something. To tell him that everything was going to be okay. But Steve didn't say anything. For a scary second, Jonathan thought he had fallen asleep. But then, he felt Steve's fingers. They were on the nape of his neck, softly caressing the sensitive skin.

His whole body tensed. Steve shushed him, and started tracing circles

with his fingertips, all along Jonathan's back. The feeling was sweet, dizzying, yet it felt way too intimate. Jonathan wasn't used to this kind of contact.

Steve started talking in a low, lazy voice, that made Jonathan's stomach contract a bit.

"Jonathan." The boy's breath hitched. "I feel it too. Something's wrong. I feel it too." He repeated. Jonathan focused his attention on Steve's fingers, now brushing against his ribs. But right now, you're safe, Your family is safe. It's past two AM. There's nothing you have to do right now, besides relaxing. You have to get rid of this anxiety, it's consuming you. It's eating you from the inside. So please, Jonathan, trust me. We'll find what's wrong. We'll do something about it, i promise. But right now, you need some rest. You need to evacuate that fucking stress."

Jonathan realised that Steve's words actually made his muscles relax. "Okay." He whispered in a barely audible voice."

Steve's hand was now wandering around Jonathan's lower back, making him breath heavily with pleasure.

"Have you ever been touched, Jonathan ?" Steve asked, his voice low and husky.

Jonathan felt his manhood twitch.

"I'm not gay, Steve." he replied a little too fast.

"I know, me neither," Steve chuckled. "It's just a question." Steve's fingertips traced the contour of Jonathan's hipbone through his shorts.

A loud moan accidentally escaped Jonathan's lips.

"Fuck." He whispered as he lifted himself on his elbows. "What are you doing, Steve ?"

He took a look at the other boy, calmly resting on his back. He noticed his breath was short, mesmerized by his torso rising and falling at a quick rythm.

"I'm not doing anything. You like being touched, am i right ? I mean most people like it, it's pretty much a pleasurable feeling."

"Steve i'm not fucking gay." Jonathan said louder.

"How many times do i have to tell you ? Me. Neither." Steve looked more serious. "Don't be such a moron, it's good for you to feel relaxed." He patted the spot besides him with a playful smile on.

Jonathan hesitated, but decided to come back to his position, turning

his back to Steve. Immediately, the other boy laid his palm on his back and continued his massage, slowly, carefully.

Jonathan felt himself relax and let out a content sigh that made Steve smile. Steve's hand started going downer, until it reached Jonathan's ribs again. This time, Jonathan turned over to face Steve, and his hand slipped onto Jonathan's abs. Jonathan's breath was heavy, his eyes were glowing. Steve felt his stomach tingle hard, and let out a whimper as his burning gaze met Jonathan's. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Something was happening. The air suddenly felt thick and hot.

Jonathan swallowed thickly and maintained the eye contact, both of them incapable of breaking the steamy moment they were sharing.

"Jonathan." Steve said with a wrecked voice.

"Yes." He whispered.

"Can i touch you ?"

"Where ?"

Steve's hand slipped onto Jonathan's bulge. He moaned as he bucked his hips for more friction.

"Is that a yes ?" Steve managed to articulate.

He nodded. At this point, he didn't even care about how gay it seemed, he needed Steve to touch him.

Steve let his hand stroke and palm Jonathan through his briefs, enjoying the moans he earned from the other boy's parted lips.

Steve's hand was careful, too gentle. Fuck, Jonathan needed more. He groaned as he flipped Steve beneath him, pressing his erection against Steve's.

"F-fuck, Jonathan, are you- hm!"

Jonathan furiously crashed his lips on Steve's, and judging by the hunger and the intensity of his kiss, no one could have guessed that it was his first one. Steve opened his mouth and let his tongue dance with the other boy's, until they were both panting, out of breath and painfully hard. Steve spread his legs and rolled his hips so his boxers were rubbing against Jonathan's, making him moan his name. The other boy synced his movements with Steve's so that both their manhoods, only separated by a few layers of clothing, rubbed perfectly against each other. Fuck. That felt so damn good. Jonathan quickened his thrusts, needing more, more more. Steve groaned as he whispered that he was close into Jonathan's ear, and both of them came almost simultaneously.

They stayed like that, enjoying the last glimpses of pleasure inside their bodies, during several blissful minutes. Their foreheads were touching, and their satisfied gazes met. Jonathan finally pulled back and let himself drop on his back. He pulled the blanket over Steve and him, and closed his eyes. The other boy looked at him with a smirk, whispering “Goodnight, Jonathan.” in his ear.

Right before he fell asleep, Jonathan mumbled : “Still not gay.” , and Steve’s soft laughter was the last thing he heard before falling into the best sleep he’d had since the demogorgon.